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L E T T E R

To an Honourable

Brigadier General,

Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Forces
in C A N A D A.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. B U R D, opposite St. *Dunstan's*
Church, Fleetstreet, 1760.

THE

OF THE

General

General



LONDON

Printed by

W. B. E. & Co.

A
LETTER

To an Honourable
Brigadier General,

Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Forces
in CANADA.

S I R,

IN my religious Doubts I apply to the Divinity of Doctor *Whitfield*; in any theatrical Difficulties, I consult the canonical Criticisms of a certain right Reverend; and in my polite Misadventures the Physician of *Ludgate-hill* is my *celer atque fidelis, secret and speedy*. To whom therefore shall I appeal in any military Doubts, but to the Man, whom Fortune, that never-erring Judge of Merit, in one short Campaign made a Soldier, a General, and a Commander in Chief?

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THE Title, under which I have the Honour of addressing this Letter to you, will not, I confess, immediately point you out to the Eye of the Publick. It has been given, by the Compilers of the Court Calendar to Brigadier General T----d; or, not improbable, that sagacious Gentleman sent it to the Press himself, as an Hint to the Minister, that such a Command would be necessary for his Ma----ty's Service, although he might prudently chuse to stay at Home, when he received it.

HOWEVER, if Envy should peevishly object against the Discernment of Fortune in the Choice of her Favourites, let it be boldly answered, that, independent of Fortune and her Favours, you have made the most distinguished Honour of the present War, in a peculiar Manner, your own. The Goddesses of Blindness and Caprice had certainly no Share in the Capitulation of *Quebec*. Ardent in the Pursuit of Glory, and the Applause of your Country, You generously

rously violated the Rules of Wars; You risked the Resentment of your superior Officer; you signed the Articles of Capitulation without his knowledge, and anxious for the Preservation of your Conquest, you appointed the Staff of the Garrison, without even asking his Consent. He might, indeed, suspect the Friendship you had long professed for him, but with the Spirit of an old Roman, the Love of our Country, *omnes omnium caritates complectitur*. He might have ordered you into Arrest for such an Outrage to his Authority. He was not insensible of the Indignity, but you asked his Pardon, and languishing under his Wounds, he accepted your Submission. Thus you carried your Point. You received into your Protection the Capital of an Empire, larger than half the Roman Conquests; and though you had formally entered your Protest against attacking the Place, you alone enjoyed the Honours of its being taken.

YOUR Appetite for Glory being now fully satisfied, you descended from the Heights of *Abraham*, like *Gideon*----not the *Gideon*, who discomfited the Host of *Midian* with the Sound of his Trumpets,----but like another Illustrious of the Name, descending, at the Sign of his Majesty's Arms, from a delicious Feast of Turtle; and as, *the better Part of Valour is Discretion*, according to *Fallstaffe's* Wisdom, you discreetly left your Regiment, whose poultry Emoluments you had dearly purchased by your one Campaign, and prudently quitted a Scene, where Danger would probably be too busy. You sagaciously foresaw, that the *French* would endeavour to recover their Capital, and you were convinced, that the Place was not defensible. You had not entered, like a desperate Volunteer, into the Service. You had been pressed into it. You had been nominated without your Knowledge or Consent. You were not therefore engaged by any Point of Honour or Gratitude to con-

tinue

tinue in it, whenever it became dangerous or disagreeable. Your Understanding was not to be dazzled by Mr. *Wolfe's* foolish Passion for Glory. He had precipitately ventured beyond all Possibility of retreating. He had no other Choice, but that of Death or Victory, especially after you had solemnly entered your Protest against his Plan for attacking the Enemy.

IN these happy Circumstances, you very wisely preferred a peaceful Walk from *Worcester* to *Norfolk* at the Head of your Militia Regiment to the Snow-Shoes Expeditions of *America*. Happy for the *Canadians*, that Nature hath cooled and tempered your Courage by this delicate Sensibility of Cold. Happy, thrice happy for the *Scots* in their Rebellion! The Highlanders would not have made such an *obstinate Resistance* at the Battle of *Culloden*, or rendered *the Sword and Target* so justly terrible to the British Soldiery, if even your *perfect Veneration* for the Person of your royal Commander could
have

have prevailed over your natural Antipathy to a Northern Campaign.

ALTHOUGH I have justly given you the sole Honour of *your* Capitulations of *Quebec*, independant of Fortune, or her Influence, yet let us not totally disclaim her Favour and Protection. Among Heroes of ancient Days the Favour of the Gods was always esteemed a pious Proof of Merit, and shall we not acknowledge it most fortunate, and consequently meritorious, that you were necessarily appointed to be the Historian of your own Exploits? *Alexander* passionately lamented, that he had not, like *Achilles*, another *Homer* to give Immortality to his Conquests.

I KNOW, that our ingenious Moderns have been reproached with plundering the Shrines of Antiquity, and ransacking the Virtues of the Dead to erect a lying Monument of Fame to the Living. I shall not be apprehensive of this Reproach, when I
 assert

assert, that the noblest Praise ever given to *Cæsar*, *that of writing with the same Spirit, with which he fought*, is equally due to you for the Letter you wrote from *Quebec* to the Secretary of State. Some malignant Spirits, indeed, were offended at your not having paid one civil Compliment to the Memory of General *Wolfe*, or used even one kind Expression of Esteem or Affection with Regard to his Person. Surely, some People are never to be satisfied. Permit me, Sir, in your Name to ask them, whether your warmest Encomiums could have added to that universal good Opinion, which the Public had conceived of Mr. *Wolfe's* Abilities and Courage? Would they, unreasonable as they are, have had a Gentleman of your Birth and Breeding, imitate the foolish Generosity of Sir *William Johnson*? *I have only to regret the Loss of General Prideaux. I endeavoured to pursue his vigorous Measures, the good Effects of which he deserved to enjoy* †. Imposed upon,

† Sir *William Johnson's* Letter to Major General *Amherst*.
per-

perhaps, by this specious Appearance of Generosity, Lord *Granby* resigned the Honours of the Battle of *Warbourg* to General *Moslyn*. Or was it not rather from the natural Weakness of his Heart, that could be satisfied with the secret Consciousness of having performed his Duty, without being too anxious for the Applause of the public? But they must have known very little of the Expedition to *Quebec*, who expected, that you would bear Testimony to the Conduct of a General, whose Plan of Operations you had the Honour, both in public and private, to oppose; and against whose last desperate Attempt you protested, in Form. True, this Attempt succeeded; but not the most fortunate Success should alter an Opinion, founded like yours, in calm, deliberate Judgement. You were not prejudiced in Favour of this Attack by having any Share in the Execution. You were at a safe and honourable Distance from the Scene of Action, *when you were told, that*
you

you commanded *. The Enemy was routed before General *Wolfe* fell, or *Monckton* was wounded. You had only to temper the Ardour of the Soldiers in the Pursuit, and I dare swear you led them on, as regularly, and as methodically according to the Rules of War, as your Friend and Favourite, Lord *George*, slow-marched the Cavalry at the Battle of *Minden*. You have been his Lordship's warmest Advocate, and he has been to you an Example of military Glory.

SINCE I have mentioned the *Minden* Hero, give me Leave to ask you, for you are in his Confidence, what is become of him? Is he retired (*Scipio* † and others have done it) from the Hopes of Ambition, and the Views of Glory? Retired to his late Purchase among his faithful Friends the

* Brigadier General *T---d's* Letter from *Quebec*.

† Captain *Bluffe* in the Old Batchelor.

Scots? At least, to him they have been faithful. Is he there meditating a new Plan, since the old one succeeded so unfortunately, of disobeying Command with Impunity, and, if possible, without much Suspicion, at least, without an absolute Conviction of Cowardice?

It would really, Sir, be a worthy Exercise of his Abilities, during his Retirement, to inform the Public, why he did not put himself at the Head of the British Infantry at *Minden*? Was it, indeed, because the Post of Honour was likely to be the Post of Danger? Let him account, if possible, for Lord *Granby's* making the Cavalry march almost five Miles in less Time, than his Lordship took to deliberate, whether he should march at all; or than he took to march half a Mile, after he found it was no longer dangerous to begin. The Marquis was not afraid of *blowing* his Horses. He probably knew not
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the Principles, upon which Lord George thought it proper to conduct a Wing of Cavalry. He did not reflect, that whoever attempts to bring Squadrons, after being blown or hurried, to an Attack, will soon find, that the Vigour and Weight, so peculiar to the British Cavalry, will be lost by their own Mismanagement and Indiscretion.*

What Pity, that all these Maxims, the Wisdom at once and the Glory of a Review, should be thus totally destroyed by one short Hour's Experience. The French did not find these Squadrons unfit for Action, who had made such Haste into it. *They had the Happiness to arrive in Time to share the Glory of the Day, having successfully charged, several Times, both the Enemy's Cavalry and Infantry†.*

* Proceedings of a General Court-Martial upon the Trial of Lord George Sackville, page 65.

† Lord Granby's Letter to the Earl of Holdernesse.

WHEN I read Lord *Granby's* Account of this Engagement; when I see the British Infantry fainting under *the Heat of the Weather*; *over-straining themselves to get on, through morassy and difficult Ground, and suddenly dropping down on their March*; when I see his Lordship, in his Impatience to enter into Action, putting himself at the Head of the Cavalry, and advancing towards the Enemy *at a full Trot, though the Distance was near five Miles*, I am almost tempted to wish for some other General, a *T----d*, or a *S----ille*, who would certainly repress this Ardour in our Soldiers; this Passion, this Madness of fighting. On the contrary, Lord *Granby* animates them by his own Example, and that unhappy Influence he has gained over their Affections. Danger and Difficulty seem to him Motives of Obedience to the Orders he receives, and undoubtedly he wants Lord George's penetrating

trating Spirit, by which he should know, before he tried them, how many Things are impossible.

It is acknowledged, that the British Troops have gained great Honour to the Nation under his Lordship's Command, and no Man's Heart exults in national Honour, more than mine. But, Sir, I am no Friend to continental Measures; a bitter Enemy to them in the Extreme, to which they are now carried. I am not so dazzled with the Abilities and Success of Duke *Ferdinand*, as not to see great Faults and great good Fortune. Through all the Glories, with which the British Arms are environed, I can see the Lives of our brave Countrymen, I think, much too prodigally lavished away: certainly beyond all Proportion of Numbers, when compared with the rest of the army.

His serene Highness, it is confessed, has not been insensible to their Merit, and as
he

he is conscious, that Praise is the best, indeed, the proper Reward of a Soldier's Virtue, he has given it most liberally. At *Minden* six British Regiments routed an Army, and we are told, *our Infantry performed Wonders*. At *Corbach* the Retreat was attended with a little Confusion. In Truth, the Hessians and Hanoverians had given Way. Our Battalions would have suffered considerably hereby, had it not been for the Bravery of the Hereditary Prince, who, putting himself at the Head of one of Bland's Squadrons, and of Howard's Regiment of Dragoons, charged the Enemy so furiously, as enabled our Infantry to make a safe Retreat *. Upon this Occasion the British Troops received the usual Compliments, which indeed they greatly well deserved.

I SHALL trouble you with only one Instance more. In the Affair of *Erxdorff*,

* London Gazette, July 22.

Elliot's Regiment signalized themselves greatly. Our Trophies are nine Pair of Colours, almost all of which we owe to the Intrepidity of Elliot's Regiment, which, for its first Appearance in the Field, has done Wonders*. Wonders indeed! But how dearly have they purchased these complimentary Honours! Seventy nine private Men, Infantry and Cavalry, are killed in the Action; seventy one of them are Elliot's *Dragoons*. One hundred and twenty one Horse are killed; one hundred and sixteen of them are Elliot's *Dragoons*. Two Officers are killed, and both of Elliot's *Dragoons*.

CAN an Englishman read this Account without Indignation? Can he see, without Horror, the Blood of his Countrymen thus lavishly poured forth in this Germanick Warfare? In any decisive Action, let

* London Gazette, August 2.

the British Soldier bleed; let him die----- even for *Hanover*. His Blood may not be wholly useless to his Country, nor his Death unprofitable to that common Cause of Mankind, Liberty. But let him not be sent upon every idle Enterprize, the very Parade of fighting; upon every Party, every Detachment, every unadvised and desperate Attack. Let him not be obliged to fight, merely because he does not know how to run away. But I willingly quit the Subject, and shall make only one Reflection upon it; that it would be far more honourable for the Germans to assist the British Troops in the Day of Battle, than to write these endless Encomiums upon their conquering without them.

If however there could have remained a Doubt upon the Minds of the Public, with Regard to Lord George's Behaviour at the Battle of *Minden*, after having read his Trial, here comes the Battle of *Warburg*.

burg. No stronger Testimony, *though one rise from the Dead.* Or if there are any, Sir, even among the Scots, who, like you, are determined, for good Reasons, not to be convinced, let them not, in the Name of Modesty, outrage the Public, with an unprofitable Declaration of their Opinions.

THE Court, which his Lordship, and you have paid to the Highlanders, has been truly of some Use to both. Besides, to flatter and be flattered were the pleasing Means of attaining that Protection, from which any less flagrant Misbehaviour, than his Lordship's, would have found great Benefit. But this Battle of *Warburg* has not only laid flat all the Works they had raised towards his, or your Defence, but shewn your Defenders too in a Light, less advantageous, than you and their Countrymen have so constantly and unreasonably placed them. We are told in a Letter from *Quebec*, that the Highlanders *took to*
D *their*

their Broad Swords (no Doubt a very military Phrase) and drove part into the Town, Part to the Works at their Bridge on the River St. Charles *. Yet, Sir, you are conscious, that the Highlanders were not so forward in the Pursuit at *Quebec*, as the forty-seventh Regiment, which would probably have entered the Town with the flying Enemy, if not restrained by your *Sackvillian* Prudence. To what Purpose therefore this tremendous *taking to their Broad Swords*, when a whole Regiment was between them and the Enemy?

IF we read Brigadier General *Beckwith's* Orders to his Brigade, after the Affair of *Erxdorff*, they will account, and not dishonourably, for the general Behaviour of the Highlanders †. They and some of the
Han-

* General T----d's Letter.

† Brigadier General *Beckwith's* Orders.
Camp at *Sackenhausen*.

Hanoverian Infantry were ordered to sustain the British Grenadiers. I neither call in Question the Inclination of the Germans, nor of the Scots; but they were not able, however willing, to keep Pace with them. Hence that great Destruction

It is with great Pleasure, that Brigadier General *Beckwith* can communicate to the Brigade how highly satisfied the Hereditary Prince is with their Behaviour in general on the 16th. The Approbation of such a Soldier is surely the most flattering of all Things to a military Man.

The manlike Manner, in which the Grenadiers sustained the Fatigue of the March (not leaving a Man behind) is highly meritorious. This Encomium on the Grenadiers is by no Means meant, as a Reproach to the Highlanders. Troops raised in haste, three Parts in four, Officers and Soldiers, entirely raw, cannot be supposed to equal the Flower of the British Army. Every candid Man must confess, they do all that can be expected. That young Corps has now the fairest Field before them. The Service they are now employed upon, in a Campaign of this Kind, is more instructive to the Officers, than ten dull, tedious, uninteresting Years, passed in the Line.

of those gallant Soldiers, of whom so many lost their Lives in that successful, desperate Attack. For the same Reason, the Highlanders were not so forward, as the forty-seventh Regiment at *Quebec*. They are a less, a weaker Sort of Men, than the Low-landers. But their Inability is not their Fault. They do their best. I only blame them, that being less than English Soldiers, they will pretend to be more.

As you appear, Sir, to have made the Hero of *Minden* your Model of all military Virtue, I would encourage you to emulate his great Example, by marking a Sort of natural Resemblance of Character between you. A Resemblance far stronger, than any in your own Collection of Portraits, though his Royal Highness himself, your great *Chef d'œuvre*, be there. If, for Instance, his Lordship prudently refused to advance with the Cavalry at *Minden*, you certainly with equal Prudence quelled the
Spirit

Spirit of the Troops at *Quebec*. When Mr. *de Bouganville* appeared, you were too prudent to quit such advantageous Ground, or risk the Fate of so decisive a Day, by seeking a fresh Enemy. If his Lordship is, in general, more famed for Artifice, and that much useful Part of human Wisdom, called Cunning, yet surely your tricking General *M-----ton* of the Capitulation was a Masterpiece of Dexterity. If my Lord excels in that well-bred Species of Wit, known by the Name of *sneering*, are not you equally excellent in that good-natured Species of Painting, called *Caricatura*, the Amusement of your idle Hours? Does *North Britain* pour forth the Eloquence of her true attick Scotch in Honour of Lord George, and is she less grateful in her Affection for General *T-----d*? Did Lord George imagine, that the Reputation of being well with the great Minister would bear him, without ever endangering his Person, to the highest Pinacle of military
 Glory

Glory; and are not you, Sir, this 'Moment abusing your Interest with that Minister by leaving, and being so many Months absent from your Command at *Quebec*? If you think, you have deserved, or gained any Honour there, do you imagine your walking at the Head of your Militia will maintain it? Are you not paid for the Command of a Regiment in *America*; and is not some Officer now doing, at the Risk of his Life, that Duty, for which you are paid? Is not yours the 'single Instance of this Kind of Desertion in the Service?

THESE are the great Outlines of your Characters; and if we should examine every the minutest Feature, we shall find, not a striking Resemblance only, but of such a peculiar Kind, as cannot be mistaken for any one else. If I may be forgiven for deviating into Poetry,

Nought but yourselves can be your Parallels †.

† *Theobald.*

Here-

Hereafter, I mean in our future History, one Character *of Praise* will be sufficient for both. It will be impossible to separate, and disunite your Merits, or the Honours with which they are to be rewarded. In publick Life, the same military Virtues; the same Appetite for fighting, and the same Abhorrence of retreating. The same perplexed Passion for Intrigue, Business, Politicks, ministerial Confidence, and parliamentary Debates. In private Life, the same Spirit of Calumny and Caricatura; the same Insolence of Manners, and Arrogance of Behaviour; the same *vetus & insita familiæ superbia*.

IN these last Instances however, you must forgive me, Sir, if I think his Lordship, whether from Genius, or some luckier Accident, may justly claim a small Degree of Superiority. He was not born indeed, but he was educated from his earliest Infancy, in the House of Royalty.

ty *. *Prima ab infantia eductus in domo regnatrice.* Here, it is confessed, there was some Danger of his perverting those precious Instincts, with which Nature had so liberally endowed him. He might *unhappily* have learned to become *humane, affable and condescending*; to compassionate the Follies; to forgive the Errors of his Fellow-Creatures, and to pay a sacred Reverence to human Nature. Such are the constant Effects, by a thousand Examples, *indeed of all the Princes upon Earth*, of a royal Education.

BUT he totally escaped these pernicious Errors, as unwounded, except another slight Scratch in his Reputation, as at the Battle of *Minden*. By a peculiar and wonderful Strength of Virtue in his Constitution, he escaped even the poisonous Breathings of

* Duke of D----t was appointed Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, 1731.

of Flattery ; that Incense of Courts, so profusely offered up to the young Heirs of Greatness, and without which no human Creature, not even a Lord, could dare to be insolent. How well he maintained the, *not too humble*, Consciousness of his own Worth ; with what a modest Confidence he always exerted his Abilities, let his Behaviour at his Trial be an everlasting Testimony. It should have been a full Vindication of his Conduct at *Minden*. There, at least, his Complexion was unvaried, his Eye firm and unshaken ; his whole Deportment rather in the Extreme of Courage, than liable even to the Suspicion of Cowardice. There he certainly wanted not that Presence of Mind, which is the first great Excellence in a General. Nor did that Weakness of Nerves, for which a Man is no more accountable, than for any other Error of his Constitution, affect him on an Occasion, that would have made many a gallant Spirit tremble.

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He boldly insulted his Judge ; over-awed the Resolutions of the Court ; gave his own Affeверations in Evidence of his Innocence (the only uncontradicted Evidence he gave) and triumphed in the Success of those Affeверations. A noble Example, and worthy of your Imitation.

BUT you, Sir, should disdain the servile Spirit of Imitation. It is beneath a Genius like yours. You should determine to be yourself an Original, for others to imitate. You should be apprehensive of the usual Fate of Imitators, who generally copy rather Errors, than Excellencies, as indeed it is easier to bend the Head, like *Alexander* or *Boscawen*, than to imitate their Courage and Intrepidity.

YET, Sir, to make even half the Progress your Ambition aims at in the Army, be assured, there must be Courage ; there must be Eagerness to serve ; there must be

be real Service to form a military Character. Your Friend, Lord G-----e, had all other Requisites to insure his Success. The Conclusion, I own, is disagreeable, but it is unavoidable. Either go to *Quebec*, or resign your Commission. Why did I say, *unavoidable*, when I believe you will do neither? I mean, it is the only answer you can give to this Letter, which will vex, not shame you, though it sets your military Character in its true Light, and draws your Picture in every Respect a proper *Pendant* to that of Lord G-----e. Ask his Lordship, why did not the Cavalry engage at *Minden*. He cannot answer, but he does not blush. Ask you, why you are not at your Post; or why you receive the Pay of two Regiments for nothing, I know, you cannot answer, and I believe too you will not blush,

I am, S I R, &c.

P O S T C R I P T.

S I R,

IF you read the following Advertifement, you will find upon what Authority I have asserted, that *you were convinced, Quebec was not defensible* *. The intimate Union between you, and the Gentleman, who published it, rendered it impossible for me to conceive, there can ever be any Difference of Sentiments between you.

“ HAVING luckily been shewn the following Paragraph in the Daily Advertiser of Yesterday, viz.

“ It is said, that a certain great Officer, who had a principal Share in the Reduction of *Quebec*, has given it as his

* Page 4.

“ Opinion,

“ Opinion, that it is able to hold out a considerable Siege.”

“ ALTHO’ I am very far from claiming
 “ *some Part* of the Description, yet being
 “ the only Person now in England, who
 “ acted as a general Officer in the late Expedition against *Quebec*, I find myself under
 “ a *Necessity* (lest my Silence, until I can
 “ proceed in another Manner with the Printer, should induce any Person to credit the
 “ said Paragraph) to assure the Public, upon
 “ my Honour, and as a Man of Truth, that
 “ there is no more Foundation in this Paragraph, than in many other unfair and false
 “ Suggestions, which have appeared in some
 “ of the Public Papers, and been whispered
 “ about the Town, tending to set the Opinions of the general Officers, lately employed in *Canada*, in opposite and unfavourable
 “ Lights. GEO. TOWNSHEND.”

South Audley Square,
 June 20, 1760.

You

You will please to recollect, Sir, at what Time this spirited Advertisement was published. When the Nation was greatly alarmed for the Safety of *Quebec*; when they knew it was besieged; when they would have received, with Pleasure, any the least Hopes, even this Gentleman's Opinion, of its being secure. No; he resents the common Hear-say Story of a News-paper. He will not have it insinuated, that he thought it could hold out a Siege. *He finds himself under a Necessity* ---- some Folks have such pressing Necessities! --- *until he can proceed in another Manner with the Printer, &c.* who did not tremble, under these Menaces, for the Liberty of the Press? Some there were, who rejoiced in the Hopes of seeing it restrained. But ah!

The luckless Printer, unresisting, falls
 Beneath the *Wind and Whiff of his fell Cane*,
 Brandish'd aloft with huge two-handed
 Sway,

And

And arm athletick : that tremendous arm,
 From which the French, astounded and
 amaz'd,
 In vile Capitulation hid their Fears.

BUT whither am I wandering? Is it then
 impossible to write of Heroes, and not write
 Heroicks? My Printer and I shall, how-
 ever, expect the honourable Gentleman's
 Compliments and Thanks for having snatch-
 ed his Advertisement from the daily Morta-
 lity of a News-paper, and here defecrated
 it to all Eternity. We therefore recommend
 it to Posterity, not only as a Specimen of
 fine Writing, of clear and accurate Expres-
 sion ; but as an indisputable Proof of the
 Writer's Abilities, Modesty, good Sense,
 Temper, and a thousand other *et cæte-
 ras*.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

Page 1. for *Soldier*, read *Colonel*; p. 4. for *poultry*, read *paltry*. p. 15. for *Horfe*, read *Horses*.



